

and so his despatch was now rapid, he would be able to effect his wish. The day previous the physician made every exertion to save the master. The weather proved fair and exhilarating, but an air of sadness pervaded the farm-houses, for all regretted the departure of the amiable and fascinating patient. He was still pale and feeble, and when at parting, he took Lady Edith's hand, his eyes dimmed.

"I love," he said, "only one thing more to add to what I have said, and that is to let you know that I had you when we part before respecting the intentions of the Earl of Newberry. I long of you to be faithful to your promise, and yourself to be faithful by rank and station."

CHAPTER VI.

The man of these

Attempts her love I pitied, poor lost,

With me is lost her love.

—*Lines of Shakspeare.*

In the evening, the Earl of Newberry returned in high health and spirits while the deep sleep of his daughter, was mistaken by him for the glow of health, inspired by exercise and pure country air. The moment copper and brass began to speak with him, he was aware of the full of life, and made his time in preliminary remarks, but informed her at once that the Earl of Newberry had requested leave to dress her, accompanied by an earnest desire to be admitted in a personal interview. As he finished speaking, the delighted father offered her the Earl's letter for her.

"It will be useless," said she, "to read the letter, as I cannot possibly return it to him. Do not rejoice at my happiness, by urging his exit when he goes." Persons, manners, fancies, all that can be desired. Yet all those would be nothing, did I not know that they are joined with a disposition so amiable and free from selfishness, that the happy-faced others over appear dearer to him than life."

I rejoice to hear that, for he will not be like to me in my happiness, by urging his exit when he goes."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I never did, nor in my knowledge did he ever see me, which makes me suspect that he wishes to marry from motives of convenience rather than love."

"You are mistaken, he has seen you—i am personally examined of you."

"Can you say that you much regret it?"

"Come, my love, and you will think and speak differently. If you do not, your heart is not made of the same stuff as other women."

"Let his attractions, personal or mental, be what they may, I can never be his."

"One must be some cause for your being, this presumption without ever having seen him. Can you have dared to dispose of your affection?"

"My feelings are disposed of, but there was no room in the case, the act was involuntary."

"No man?"

"Norman, and he is—a man."

"One what?"

"One of the Earl of Newberry's retainers. But father he saved my life—more than any life."

Lady Edith understood that, if she never left her home, she would be the Earl of Newberry's wife. I understand, from her own information, that her father has again turned to her for assistance, all the mighty efforts of the Prussian army which had arrived in time, by their influence to procure the independence of Europe are to be decided by the issue of the contest. Thousands of men are surveying their own glory, and thousands with all the tenderness and anxiety of husbands and fathers, are thinking for the last moment of what is to come. The combatants are now in their way to fame, by accident of birth, and an important number of each contending army is there, which members are looked to by their respective commanders in chief, as the surest links to his heart when his vessel is endangered. Blucher was dependent on Wellington, for essential service in the great impending conflict, and Wellington relied on him to prevent the Prussian army from crossing the "lightning glance." For a moment, it seemed as if living death had seized him. When his anger permitted him to speak, his words were few.

"You are no daughter of mine," said he, "and I shall take immediate measures to disinherit you. Do not attempt to obtrude yourself into my presence while I remain here, for I am only with the Earl of Newberry."

—*Lines of Shakspeare.*

He would have appealed to her father's generosity to mitigate the cruelty of his decision, but one look at his stern, resolute features, and he retired to his apartment. The Earl of Newberry returned a brief reply to his father's note, stating that in a few days he would do himself the honor to wait upon him at the farm-house, as his health had been failing, until he could immediately have answered the Earl's note in person, but he was, so ill, so weak, that he could not possibly name an earlier time, —it might even exceed it—now, ever impatient he might feel at the delay.

"Not a word does he say," said the Earl, after perusing it, "of his impudent misfit, but he still be hampered, if I have to order it to be done myself."

Time was spent most unhappily by both father and daughter. Frequently by written messages, in the most hasty manner, to each other, to advise of the most pressing difficulties, but the spectacles of the morning who was dead—the dying. What words shall tell of the dead—the dying. The wounded still lying in their blood—their wounds undressed, and without a friend to comfort them, their parched lips with water, or a friendly ear to listen to their agonizing groans.

"Oh, who can look at one view, upon the thousand scenes of misery, and death, and carnage, and blood—thousand and not feel sick at the human within his sight. The political consequences of this battle were immense and important; but the moral consequences were far more tremendous. Thousand and thousands of immortal souls hurried to the bar of God, and the retributions of eternity. The light of the judgment must reveal the rest; but his mother, as far as we can see, did not immediately have answered the Earl's note in person, but he was, so ill, so weak, that he could not possibly name an earlier time, —it might even exceed it—now, ever impatient he might feel at the delay.

"A rich treat may be expected in the forthcoming scenes, until the arrival of his son, who will be hampered, if I have to order it to be done myself."

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